and let me know when you've given her the news, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

"All right, my lad, I'll do that," said he, clapping me on the shoulder and laughing in my face, and then, taking a look round, he said something to the pilot, and went below.

CHAPTER XX. NIGHT IN THE RIVER.

I could not help wondering at my impudence in thrusting my love-business on the mind of a seacaptain, full of the responsibility of a big ship. crowded with passengers and loaded down to her chain-plate bolts with valuable merchandise. However. I had calculated upon his help and was not going to be cheated out of it; and, besides, there could be a freemasonry between us which few landsmen could fully understand. We had been old shipmates, had had many a frolic together ashore under Southern and Eastern skies, were fast friends while professionally associated, and consequently he would act and speak before me privately without any of the reserve he would think necessary to maintain for the preservation of his dignity in the presence of others. What sort of captain he made I could not yet tell; but I remembered him as a smart, exceedingly intelligent seaman as second mate; a man who had made his position by hard work and close attention to his duties; who, if he had not crept aboard through the hawse-pipes, had not gained admittance by the cabin-window, but as apprentice had worked his way up out of the slushpot into command of one of the finest ships which then traded to Australia.

Lunch was on the table, and I went into the cuddy

to take my nest meal aboard the Strathmore. Only

Lauch was on the table, and I went into the cuddy to take my arst meal aboard the Strathmore. Only two or three of the passengers came to the table; among these being Captain Jackson, who talked in a loud voice to Thompson, who sat at the head of the table; and I remember the navy man inquiring if the ship was not uncommonly deep in the water, to which Thompson replied that her height of side was an inch more than she had hast vovage.

"Well," says Captain Jackson, "It's my ignorance of merchant-vessels that makes me ask the question. I was brought up in frigates and line-ofbattle ships, sir, and am used to a dip of twenty feet, sir, and when I required to judge our pace of Salmg by looking over the side I had to peer a long way down before I came to water."

"You're going to alter all thatin the navy, I hear," says Thompson: "hulls are to be flush with the water, aren't they, and nothing's to show but the things you point your guns out of?"

"Oh," cried Captain Jackson, scornfully, "what's going to be altered in the navy I am sure I don't know. I m sorry, but I can't help the changes, sir. Iron and steam are the curse of the country, sir. They have robbed us of our ships and of our sailors, What's a man-of-war in these times? An immense floating kettle, sir, with fire inside it and steam blowing ou of the spout. And how can they call the men who man those monstrous utensils sailors? What rould Nelson have done with a parcel of fellows brought up in floating saucewans, where the reare no vards to brace about, where a boit of cauvas would furnish all the sail needed, and where the helm is worked by a steam-engine?"

Thompson tipped me a wink as the prejudiced old fellow stopped his chatter by filling his mouth. This specimen of the gallant captain's opinions made me glad to think that he was to be one of us, as I might reckon upon a deal of amusement. Nohumorist equals the man who passes his closing years in pointing to the past with one hand and patting the nose of the present with the other; and I never tire o

to talk.

He began again about the Strathmore being overloaded, and his wife, a large, stout lady with a cast in her port eye, who sat next him, said she was sorry to hear he had misgivings on that subject, for nobody could magine how deeply her husband was versed in all nautical matters, being the author, not only of a marine dictionary, but of a work on the management of boats at sea. On this the Irish lady, Mrs. O'Brien, who was seated near Thompson, said to him, "Captain, if the gentleman knows all about it, and says the ship is too deep, then she must be unsafe, and I hope you'll have her lightened before we get among the waves, which they tell me roll mountains high in the Bay of Biscay."

How Daniel cased their minds I do not know, for having finished lunch, and suspecting that Gravesend would not be far off. I left the table and went on deck to look about me, thinking, as I mounted the companion steps, leaving my friends blandly jabbering about free-board and tonnage (soul-sick-ening subjects), that the old navy man would give him some trouble with his prejudices and notions if he did not good his eye. He began again about the Strathmore being over-

the companion steps, heard and tonuage (soul-sickpiabbering about free-board and tonuage (soul-sickpiabber).

It was ha -past one, or later yet, and we were in
North Hope, as the stretch of water betwixt Grays
and Tilburyness is called, and by squinting over
the port bow I could see where Gravesend lay by
the color of the sky there. The wind had freshened
and the water was trembling and running in a stress
of little waves under it; the smoke from the tug's
funnel fled away flat from the orifice and blew down
upon the water; a couple of yachts, with the tacks
of their mannsails triced up, were passing us in a
smother of foam, through which their greenish copper dashed like a shark's body in the boiling and
sectining white of a ship's wake; an old black cotlier, with the clews of her square foresail stretched
on a boom, was staggering along within pistol-shot
of a lovely slope of mad on the Tilbury side, and a
tug was dragging a fine Yankee bark up the river,
hands aloft unbeading the sails, and the Stripes
and Stars making a brilliant spot of color against
the sky, under which a flight of windy looking
clouds were speeding, with a ragged look in their
tails, as if they had been torn out of some solid
body of vapor that could not be long in coming.

Now that Gravesend was almost within hail I
grew desperately nervous and agitated, and seemed
to realize, with a deeper sense of it than had yet
come to me, the resolution old Hawke was illustrating by his stratagem of sending Florence and Morecombe away together on a long voyage. Evidently
my cousins were perfectly right when they said
that the young fellow was not to be got rid of by a
plain refusal. The worry in me was rendered
livelier by my anxiety to make sure that the man
who was to share my cabin was the fellow I feared
he would prove. I stood watching the passing
shore as we opened Gravesend Be that was full at that hour of shipping—at rest or un-der way—and gay with the windy streaming of scores of flags.

It was three o'clock by the time the ship was

secres of flags.

It was three o'clock by the time the ship was moored to a buoy very nearly abreast of Gravesend, and, armed with a pipe and a small but powerful telescope of my own, went forward on to the forecastle, whence I could watch the passengers come aboard without being noticed myself. There was a squaily look in the sky, and it was blowing a fresh northeast wind, with an edge of winter in it that made the pilot-cloth coat I wore a very acceptable garment. The women and children on the maindeck, and the rather squalid-looking gentry who faced the forecastle or hung about the galley, for the warmth and shelter down there, gave, I ambound to say, a somewhat slum-like look to the ship in that part of her which they were permitted to use; but when I glanced at the clear quarter-deck, with the shining windows in the endely front, and the brass-work and painting there, then at the long sweep of poop, which rau with a very clear white surface into the sky that was pouring past in clouds, and then turned my eyes aloft where the house-diag, dwarfed by height, was ratting like a peal of masketry at the main-royal-masthead, and looked at the grand spread of yards, and not seed the frigate-like pose of masts, stayed to a hair, every sail with a bunt as smooth as a pillow, the ratines raking the shrouds as straight and square as the shearpoles, all the traces bauled taut, and the wind giving a winding curve to every slack line it met, and rushing away out of the topmast rigging with a kind of angry hiss in its wild humming. I thought that if Florence was viewing the Stratimore from yonder hotel or any other land point, she would be thinking her a noble-looking craft for her class and character, and not the less fit to ride the stormy seas of the Atlantic and Sonthern Oceans because Captain Jackson, R. N., found her deeper than he thought good.

Well, mates, after I had been keeping a lookout for about twenty minutes, I spied a boat shove of

Well, mates, after I had been keeping a lookout for about twenty minutes, I spied a boat shove of from the steps behind the p.er, and, bringing my glass to bear, I noticed that the waterman Leaded for us, and that there was a man item. glass to bear, I noticed that the waterman Zealed for us, and that there was a man sitting in the sterre-sheets. I kept the little telescope upon this last, and presently made out a large mustache, a white billy-cock, an eye-glass, stick-up collar, and a figure dressed in a gray coat with a cape, and a rug over his arm, with a black portmanteau along-side of him. I had only seen Mr. Morecombe once, as you know, but the moment my glass gave me the face of the fellow in the stern-sheets of that beat, so that I could clearly see the features of it, all doubts as to the man who was to share my cabin vanished. Reginald Morecombe it was, as certain in that it was I-who was watching him! The name of the laggage below ought to have convinced me! at that it was I who was watching him! The name on the laggage below ought to have convinced me! but though I had been pretty sure, I was not so sure as I was now; and such was the effect of this confirmatory and conclusive evidence upon me that, though God knows I should have reckoned myself in anything but a merry mood, I burst into a wild laugh—shaken to the heart by the absurdity of us two taking this voyage for the same purpose, coming together without the least suspicion of each other's intention, and actually sharing the same cabin and sleeping one atop of the other!

However, if there was any comfort at all to be got set of the fact of this man coming aboard, it say in his arrival alone; for that looked very much set if Florence knew nothing of the plot that had been aeviged, and I might count upon good results.

as if Florence knew nothing of the plot that as if Florence knew nothing of the plot that she been devined, and I might count upon good results been devined, and I might count upon good results collowing her disgust if it turned out that she was

ignorant of the conspiracy between Hawke and Aunt Damaris and Morecombe. I went on to the quarter-deck as his boat steered alongside, and watched him come up the gangway ladder. He knew very little about ships, I took it, and was boarding the Strathmore for the first time, I susspected, by the way he halted and stared as if he didn't know which end of the vessel belonged to him: and I dare say he would be puzzled by the crowd of 'tween deck passengers who stood by to see him arrive, and by the appearance of the maindeck, which, with its rows of scuttle-butts, spare booms, hatchway-gratings, coils of rigging upon pins, and the dirt and confusion which third-class passengers have a happy knack of bringing along with them as a part of their lvg rage, must have presented to the entirely shore-going eye a very compleated appearance.

He paid the waterman and took up his bag, and seeing him looking around in quest of some one to inform him what was next to be done, I stepped up to him and said. "Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Reginald Morecombe?"

He bowed, and said "Yaas," and looked at me gladly, as if thankful to heaven that some one knew him, amid this wilderness of ropes, live-stock, and frowsy passengers.

"It was a mere conjecture of mine," said I. "A Mr. Reginald Morecombe is to share my cabin, and if you are the gentleman I shall be happy to show you where it is."

"Oh, thur-thur-ank you, thank you," said he, with a stammer, following me, "How deyyelish

you where it is."

"Oh, thur-thur-ank you, thank you," said he, with a stammer, following me, "How devyelish confusing a ship is. This vessel looks vewy dirty, who are all those fellahs outside?" meaning the people on the main-deck, for we were now in the cuddy.

"Tween-deck passengers," said I. "This is the cabin we are to share." bundling into it. "I found these trapen the lower bunk and supposed you had chosen it. But top or bottom is the same to me. You can have which you like."

He paered with I think the under one will sait me to be the paered with I think the under one will sait me whether the said the paered with I think the under one will sait me were the said the said the paered with I think the under one will sait me were the said the said the paered with I think the under one will sait me were the said the said the said the paered with the said pulling his most accompanions in this—aw."

I was in the next of leaving the each in this meanth is woon, might what I said woon, might was the companions in this—aw."

In what we ware to be companions in this—aw."

In was the word was trembling on any fips what I saidenly remembered, and stammered, "John Egerton—Mr. John Egerton—Wr. John Wr. John Egerton—Wr. John Egerton—Wr. John Egerton—Wr. John Egert

was considering if it was to fall dark before Florence and her aunt came aboard. As I was in the act of rising to stretch my legs, and take a fresh squint at the flight of steps near the pier. before going aft, I spied a boat draw out from the other wherries. I waited, but would not seem to look too inquisitively, for just then I noticed young Morecombe posted near the port quarter-boat, helding the ship's telescopewhich he would have found on brackets under the companion-bood—with his face turned my way. Presently he rested the glass on the rail and aimed it at the approaching boat; this was my chance to take a hurried squint myself, and the moment the faces of the persons in the stern-sheets of the boat entered the field of the lenses my heart gave a mighty throb. Ay, boys, she was coming at last! I had seen her darling face, the trembing of the feather in her hat in the strong wind; and thrusting the little telescope into my pocket, I went and posted myself before—or, as landsmen might say, behind—the forecastle capsian, so that it might screen me from observation as an ecame over the side.

Morecombe had made her out, too, by this time.

landsmen might say, behind—the forecastle capsian, so that it might screen me from observation as she came over the side.

Morecombe had made her out, too, by this time, and, after looking at the bout through his eyeglass for a few moments, be turned tail and disappeared down the companion steps. I looked to see him reappear on the main-deck, making sure that he would receive the ladies, but he did not show up again. His manner of leaving the deck suggested to me that he was doing precisely what I was—hiding. But I did not give the matter very much thought, being fully occupied in watching the boot, whose approach filled me with extraordinary agitation and excitement. If ever a fear had risen in me that something might, at the last moment, stop my pet from commig, it was ended now. There she was, nearing the ship as fast as a couple of watermen could row her; in a few minutes she would be in the vessel, for many a long week to be my adorable shipmate; no more need of two-penny lodgings, of imploring sophie's help, of day after day passing without giving me a sight of her. No wonder my heart beat fast and rapturously. I had attempted a boil adventure, but, so far, all had gone as if ordered by my own wishes; and now my darling and I were to be together until Australia was renched; and of what was to iollow then I had so little doubt that, had she been coming as my bride, my spirits could not have been more triumblantly joyous.

The wind had raised a middling stiff wobble on the water, and the boat jumped and tumbled in a very lively manner as she came along. Every moment the spray would fly over her like a hatful of feathers tossed on the breeze, and I could notice Aunt Damaris, who, of course, would be Florence's companion, duck and courtesy as the shower blew along. She wore a thick, grayish-colored veil, and a hat resembling a man's wide-awake, and as I watched her bobbing in the stern-sheets of that boat I thought to myself. "What would be your deas, my old beauty, were you to know whose eyes iwere gazing at you from the Strathmore's fore-castle?" Presently the boat came alongside, and in a few moments Florence and her aunt stepped over the gangway and immediately went into the cuddy, followed by one of the under-stewards, with an armful of odds and ends belonging to them. I went on to the main-deck and posted myself between the foremast and the galley, out of sight of the poop and quarter-deck, while I considered what I had best do. I had made up my mind not to let Florence see me until the news of my being aboard had been given her by Thompson (who, by the way, had gone ashore). I was not going to run risks. It was not for a moment to be donated that, if Aunt Damaris got to know I was on the Strathmore, she would abandon the voyage by that ship, and carry Florence away, with Morecombe, of course, in their wake. Consequently, even Florence herself ought not to know that I was to be one of the vessel's passengers, until we were well alloat and the nearest port a long distant astern.

These being my considerations, I stood debating what I should do. I had no excuse to stick to my cabin for the rest of the afternoon and evening, for The wind had raised a middling stiff wobble on

we were not at sea, and I could not sham sickness, nor, indeed, did I relish a long spell of solitary confinement. Dinner would be served at half-past five or six, and of course, I could not take my place at the table. My best plan clearly was not to go aft at all until it was time to turn in, at which hour I might take it Florence and her aunt would have stowed themselyes away in their cabin. I had half a mind to walk into the forecastle and see if there were any faces about that I remembered, and then, reflecting that there was rather too much drankenness there to make a visit agreeable, I was turning my attention to the 'tween decks, and planning a voyage into those regions for the shelter of them and the secure hiding-place they would make for me, when my eye caught sight of a figure in the boatswain's berth, sitting upon a chest, and drinking tea out of a pannikin, which he held in one hand, while he flourished a lump of soft tack in the other. This berth or cabin was bulkhealed off from the rest of the foreastle, and formed a kind of wing on the port side of the deck, a corresponding structure facing it on the starboard side. The boatswain and carpenter of the Bortia had shared a similar bedroom in that ship, and the same arrangement would be found. I supposed, in this sister vessel. I slipped over to the door of this cabin, meaning to ask the man, whoever it might be, if he knew at what hour we were to get under way in the morning, when, struck by his appearance, Hooked at him attentively, and exclaimed. "What, Jimmy Shilling! after all these years—still alive, ch? Surely you remember me?"

He took a kind of slow, long look at me over his pannikin, and then put it down and stood up. "Mr. Semyonr!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm blowed! How are you, sir!"

This man had been boatswain's mate in the Portia, and four years ago he had looked ten years younger.

are you, sit?

This man had been beatswain's mate in the Portia, and four years ago he had looked ten years younger than he did now, so searvily does the sea ase her children; but his grizzied beard, the weather ploughed look of his leathery skin, and the knots which handing and pulling and swearing and piping had tied up around his eyes and over his temples, did not disguise him from me. I gave him a lecarty handshake, and sat down, bidding him not mind me, but to go on with his supper, or whatever the snack he was working at might be styles!

At that moment in steps the carpenter, a tarry, wiry sea-dog, with a beard like a worn-out scrubbing brash upon his chin, and strange, pale eyes, as it they had lost their color by looking too much to windward in wet weather. The boatswain politiely introduced me to him, whereupon he pulled off his fur cap as a salutation and pitched it into his bunk, and then, hauling forth a short, black pipe from his breeches' pocket, he filled it out of a well-worn brass box and began very gravely to smoke.

"You don't team to say, Mr. Seymour," said the boatswain, "that you have come to sea again?"

"No. Jinnay," said 1;" not as a sailor-nam. I'm going to Australia along with yon—as the old chantey says, 'I've embarked into a ship which her top-sail is let fail, and all unto an eyeland, and where we never will go home'—but not to soil my hands with your distry grease and tar. No. Shifling, no more keeping a lookout, no more hauling and slaving, for this child. You may pape your whistle and be hanged—you'll now "early bearing alooking, no than her to do myself and don't mean to do ngain."

The carpenter gramed broadly behind his pipe, and the boatswain exclained, "Chiddy passenger, el.' Shingles," addressing the carpenter, ann't the cardy a place under the poop where the ladies live, and where ye may find, by looking, nothing bat first-class cannet who had her addressing the carpenter, "latit there it ain't forrards," answered the carpenter; "leastways in this vessel." "Hi is alive h

such a yarn that you'll never infterward want to use curling-irons for your hair again so long as you have."

"All right, sir," said the boatswain; "Hegerton's the word, and Hegerton it is."

"Same here," warbied Chips.

Note in this the beautiful gentlemanly spirit of the sailor. Had a landsman heard me say that I had changed my mane, then, unless I had explained that property was the cause, he would straightway have suspected me of arson, forgery, or murder, and that I was flying to Australia to escape British j istice; on the other hand, these two shell-backs asked no questions, suspected nothing, simply said "Hegerton it is," and so made an end of the matter. Having gone so far with them, I thought I would go further yet; and I told them that as my friend Daniel Thompson, their skipper, was ashore, and unable therefore to let a certain passenger know that I was in the ship, and as I did not want to meet that passenger until she had been informed that I was abourd, I desired to keep forward or somewhere out of sight until bedtime, and asked leave to use their cabin.

"To be sure you may, Mr. Hegerton," said the boatswain, with a grin, as he put a gale of wind into the aspirant to let me know how completely he had mastered the word, "and if ye'd like to sleep here there's my bunk and welcome."

This hospitable offer I declined, but I told him if he'd get me a pannii in of tea from the galley, and a piece of bread, I should feel very much obliged to him; and these things he at once procured; so that, seated on his chest, with the steam of the galley tea, and the wind making a rushing noise in the rigging outside, I feit as if I were once more a sailor, and only waiting for the order to tarn-to to bundle out

and the wind making a rushing noise in the rigging outside, I felt as if I were once more a sailor, and only waiting for the order to tarn-to to bundle out with the others a d fall to work. I had a picasant talk with these men about the ship, and the skipper (whom they had both sailed with before and spoke of in high terms), and among us we revived some old and picasant memories; and then, having duties to attend to on deck, they left me alone. It was now raining, with a promise of a dark, foul night, and the wind was screeching in squalls overhead. I poked my nose out and loosed along the decks; a coupe of brass-bound apprentices (the Stratimore carried five of these "young gentiemen") were lurking about the head of one of the poop-ladders, swathed in oil-skins, and the second mate, similarly attired, was rambling about in solitary dignity in the neighborhood of the wheel. None of the passengers of any description were to be seen; and the deserted, dark, wet decks, the rain flying in clouds of drizzle past the masts, the streaming rigging, and deserted, dark, wet decks, the rain flying in clouds of drizzle past the insats, the streaming rigging, and the gloomy sky, which the shadow of the approaching night was fast darkening, made a truly miserable and depressing picture. I wondered what Morecombe was doing—whether he was with Aunt Damaris and Florence—but there was no use wondering. My present business was to kill the evening, so I fighted 2 pipe, and on looking at the carpenter's bunk, spied a book at the foot of it, which proved to be a collection of tales of shipwireck, and several of these yarns I read, to the hoarse accompaniment of the wind groaning and roaring outside.

The dimens hell rang the evening gathered and

The dinner-bell rang, the evening gathered, and by and by, on taking another look aft, I saw the enddy-lamps abight and the passengers eating their first dinner aboard the Strathower. It was no joke peering through the wet, from the grim and rade interior of the boatswam's cabin at that brilliant cuddy, as though I were a 'tween-deck passenger, and could only peep and envy. The tea and bread I had eaten had, it is true, plugged my appetite; stirl, I left as if there was enough hunger teaking out to qualify me to give an opinion on old Draining's cookery; and, above all, this skulking was extremely disagreeable, as tending to make me reckon that my courtship was to consist altogether of hiding and seeking. However, it was not my policy to go and rise up before my darling as if I were a ghost, and frighten her, as I was bound to do if my presence was not gently made known to her; and so, comforting myself with the reflection that the necessity of skulking would soon be over, I once more picked up the book of shipwrecks and went on reading until Jimmy and the carpenter came into the cabin.

No company do I like better than sailors, and the conversation of these two men was a real entertainment. It was evening, the anchor-watch had been The dinner-bell rang, the evening gathered and

No company do I like better than sailors, and the conversation of these two men was a real entertainment. It was evening, the anchor-watch had been set, a red light was burning on the forestay, and there being nothing acre to do until the tug came alongside in the morning, the carpenter and boatswain were at liberty to yarn and smoke as long as they pleased, and then turn in. Threshold impressions, memories which belong to the first step of any momentons matter, are always lively and lasting; and that, no doubt, is why L recall the picture of that berth more vividly than I can see anything else in that vanished ship—the oil-lamp like a coffee-pot, hanging overhead; the two bunks, with their rough furniture of coarse blankets and mattresses, which looked as old as Captain Cook's time, and as if they had been making voyages round the world ever since; the flap table, against

the ship's side; the battered sea-chests, upon which meny a pound of stick to bacco must have been out, to judge from the web-like notchings along the edges of the lids; the oilskins and sou westers hanging on nails up in corners, looking like seamen who had committed suicede. The lamp cast a narrow stream of light through the sliding-door on to the deck, throwing out, upon the darkness a few links of the huge chain cable that was stretched along from the windlass, a coil of gear upon a belaying-pin at the foot of the foremast, and such things. It was strange to hear the rushing noise of the wind and the seething of rain, swept through shrouds and stays, and yet feel no motion in the hull; for the night was so black, and the sounds aloft so oceanlike, that it was almost impossible at times to realize that we were on the smooth Thames, and Gravesend pretty nearly within masket-shot.

Not choosing to go supplerless to bed, and yet not caring to make the steward wonder by asking him for something to eat, I partook of a bit of fresh beef which the boatswain brought out from a shelf, and one bell (half-past eight) having been struck on the quarter deck, I relieved my entertainers of my company, knowing very well that the poor, tired fellows would turn in and fall fast asleep the moment my back was turned. The rain had ceased, but the sky had a wild look, and the decks were full of water for the want of a list to carry the wet through the scupper-holes. I made my way aft and came to a stand opposite the enddy front, through the windows of which I could command a view of the interior without being seen. Dinner had been cleared away a long while before. The place looked to me to be full of people, and I noticed the newly married couple, whose names I afterward heard were Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Mortimer, Captain Jackson, R. N., and his wife, a young gentleman named Thompson Tucker, Mrs. O'Brian, one or two other adies, and at the 'thwartship table at the end, Florence, Aunt Damaris, and Mr. Morecombe. When I saw that fe

age had been arranged without the girl's knowledge.

The better to see her I went on to the poop, for they were all three of them sitting well within range of the after skylight—but it was too dark to see which of them it was. The wind was mighty keen, having grown more northerly and coming very fresh. I walked to the after skylight and looked do vn, and thereunder me was the beautiful force of the girl for whom I was taking all this desperate trouble and heaping discomforts upon my head. Had she been alone the sight that skylight framed would have been like a vision: for the blackness stood all around the illuminated glass, and the deck was dark too, so that the radiance of the lamps, and the face and glittering hair of Florence, and the swell of her lovely bosom rounding above the table on which she rested her clow, with her white hand under her clim, were all contained in a kind of luminous square; but unfortunately for the beauty of that charming night-piece Aunt Damaris was in it, and so was Mr. Morecombe. There they were, all three of them, and I watched them. For ten minutes I stood overhanging that skylight, but during that time I never could detect that Florence spoke once; neither did I observe that she ever turned her face toward Mr. Morecombe, It would be hard to get at the exact expression in that light; the glass was wet, and the moisture made its transparency treachersus; but if there was not a look of coldness and offended pride in her face, then I am blossed if I can tell you what other sort of appearance it presented. I took, as you may suppose, a prolonged squint at Aunt Damaris. One glimps I had caught of her, as you will remember I told you, at Bristol, but the impression left was exceedingly small; what I now saw, therefore, was quite fresh and new to me. She seemed about sixty years old; very sharp features, a long, narrow nose, a wide mouth with thin lips, and small, restless black eyes. Her hair was gray, and she was very baid about the parting. She wore two old-fashioned samsages-shape

chief officer. I didn't notice you at dinner. I don't think II ave seen you in this vessel before. Where did you come aboard, sir?"

"In the docks."

He continued to peer at me as though he could not make up his mind as to whether I was an Irish assassin or the latest English marderer; but when, in reply to the question. I gave him the number of my cabin and the name of the person who was to share it with me, he exclaimed, "Oh, it's all right, sir, of course," and resumed his walk. This matter, triding as it was, nevertheless hugely disgusted and annoyed me, and I was never more disposed to curse myself for a fool for putting myself into situations full of mortifications misconstructions, and the obligation of sneaking and skulking. I lingered a few minutes on the poop, not choosing that the mate should flatter himself he had hastened my departure. There was no rain, but the darkness was thekened with a rolling and eddying mist that sometimes drove past the illuminated skylights like bursts of strain. The lights at Gravessent twinkled windily, and the loom of the high land behind was visible in a deepening blackness above the winking, flickering sparks. The river, from the light abreast of Northfleet away down as far as the Hope, looked as if a galaxy of stars were hovering over its gloomy waters; how many vessels those lanterns represented I could not imagine, but any one might easily suppose from the appearance of the militudinous shining that an immense fleet had brought up in Gravesend Reach. Most of the lights were stationary, but here and there you would see one recling and staggering with a sweeping novement upon the darkness, denoting some small craft tossing upon the little sea which the strong wind had raised in the river, while close at hand over the side the wa er glimmered annut the been night-shadows in dull flashes of palled froth, and washed in a crouching sound along the bends of our motionless vessels, making the rudder jar now and again with a faint ratting of the tillerchains in the leadingchains in the leading-sheaves. Atop, the noise of the wind was like the shearing of a gale through a forest, but many a wild note there was in addition, twanged on the harp-like rigging; and you could not have stood and listened for tive minutes, with the sobbing of the water to help your fancy, without believing that a world of phantoms had come down on the wings of the wind and alighted down on the wings of the wind and alighted alighted on those darkling spars and faintly glimmering yards—ghosts of mothers singing to wailing babies, ghosts of ruined men groaning in their misery, ghosts of mad women shricking in torment. A strange chorus, mates, as you all know, for what samor's thoughts have not run to it? though to find a meaning in such spirit-crying, there should be no shore-lights about; you must be leagues and leagues away out at sea, on the forecastle, say, where you may be alone, for aft there are the helmsman, and the officer of the watch to keep you company, with a composite burning at the fore-yardarm, and the ocean a wild and huring shadow around you, with the desolate glint of foam under the bows and trailing in a line astern, making the deep as sad as a winter landscape with a sweep of blown snow lying on the black land under the blacker sky.

A few minutes of this were as much as satisfied me; I went on to the quarter-deek and looked through the endey windows. Florence and Aant

A few minutes of this were as much as satisfied me; I went on to the quarter-deck and looked through the enddy windows. Florence and Aust Damaris had withdrawn to their cabin; indeed, all the ladres had retired, and the only occupants of the enddy were a group of three or four men, Moreone cudary were a group of three or four men, More-combe among them, sipping grog at that part of the table which was nearest the stove. Seeing the road clear, I entered, walked straight into my cabin and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXI-MR, MORECOMBE IS SEA-SICK. Had I been a sailor just turned in after having been twenty-four hours on deck, I could not have fallen asleep more quickly nor slept more soundly. At what hour Mr. Morecombe came to bed I do not know. I never heard him, though he was the first thing I remembered in the morning when I awoke and saw the autumn sunshine standing like a wall of silver against the thick glass of the large scuttle or circular window. I put my head over the side of the bunk and saw him underneath. He was wide awake, and instantly sang out, "Halloo! Good-morning!" "Good-morning!" I answered.

"I say," cried he, "can you tell me the time ! My old turnip has stopped, and hang me—aw—if I know whether I ought to get up or not,

slung within reach. "A quarter to eight," said I.

"At what hour do we breakfast, do you know," said he, poking his legs out of bed, and looking about for his small clothes.
"I really can't say. If you'll put your head out,

the steward will tell you, if he's in sight," I replied, debating within myself whether to get up or sham indisposition and have breakfast in my cabin. I decided upon the latter, and accordingly lay down again, drawing a long face as I turned my nose up to the deck above. The ship was on a level keel, but there was a tremor of passing water in the light outside, and I might guess easily that we were in the wake of a towing tug. It was pretty plain, however, that we had not been long under way. Fine as the weather might be now, there was too much weight in last night's wind to leave the water calm in the river's mouth where the channelswell would be, and I reckoned by the feel in the hull that even if we had passed the Nore, Prince's Channel was still some distance ahead.

Morecombe put on his drawers and boots, and opening the cabin door, peered out, catching sight of one of the stewards, ascertained the breakfasthour and then said to me, "We breakfast at a quarter to nine. Would you like to get up ? because if so I'll go to bed until you've done dressing. It's a dayvelish tight fit for two," says he, looking around him, "and dem me if it isn't too cold for tubbing. Suppose there's a bath-room somewhere?"

"I shan't get up," said I. "I don't feel very

"Not sen-sick, are you?" he exclaimed. "Oh, hang it all, you can't be sea-sick yet. Why, the

ship isn't moving."
"It's not the movement; it's the smell," said I. It's what they call the bilge-water. Sniff strongly. and you'll see what I mean"; and I gave a bit of a grant.

"Dem me if I'm going to snift," says he. Don't smell anything wrong naturally, and don't want to fancy things. I say, didn't you tell me your name was Egerton ?"

"You'll see it on that box there," I replied, pre

tending to speak with an effort.

"Any relation," says he, lathering himself for a shave, " to the Tallin Egertons?" "No," I replied, knowing that the fellow had a

lot of titled connections, and that I must mind my "Oulton Park Ecertons, pwaps?" said he,

flourishing a razor,, and squinting at himself in the

looking-giass.

"Nothing to do with them," I answered.

"Is it the Ellesmere family, then, or pwaps it's Wilton?" said he, awaiting my answer before applying his razor.

"It's a Kentish family," said I, in a faint manner.

"It's a Kentish family," said I, in a pareuts, and

applying his razor.

"It's a Kentish family," said I, in a faint manner.
"There were five of us, counting my parents, and I am the only one surviving."

His mind went to work upon this answer while he shaved, but he didn't appear to make much of it. When that job was over he said,

"What's taking you to Austwalia—hailth?"

"That's it," said I. "Lord, isn't the ship heaving? or can it be the bilge water?"

"Dayvinsh odd," cried he; "deck's as steady as land, and whatever bilge-water may be, dooce take me if I can smell anything wrong.

"Oh," said I, "perhaps you're an old sailor. If so, it isn't fair to laugh at me,"

"Old sailor!" cried he, "Well, I've done a bit of yachting with my uncie, Lord Alchester-know him!—I waged my head—"but I'm as ignowant of the water, and of—aw—ships of this kind—haw—by Gad, as I am of tailowing. More so, dooce take me, Mister Egerton—look he-aw—a man can't live long without inding out that tailors are fwightful thisyes and beastly bill-discounters. Glad to think that old Hebwoo, Madox of Bond Street—know him?" I replied that I did not. "Madox isn't his wight name," continued he; "can't say what it is, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this, and curse me if I care. Glad to feel I owe him this,

boat and follow me, you know, ha! ha! Ever been to Austwalia before?"

I made a sound that might pass for Yes or No.

"Vulgar people, the Austwalians, I beear. But poor dayvils, they can't help it. If we send out convicts there, why, dooce seried, it is too much to expect their descendants to be gentlemen. Had a little blood gone wong, and they'd twansported it, why then, you know, you might expect to find a little blood gone wong, and they'd twansported it, why then, you know, you might expect to find a little polish becar and there—ah. I know an old Austwalian cock—sha'n't tell you where he lives—who's got so much money that his cabin wouldn't hold it in sevewins. Of all the old snobs—why, he sports a ewest with as much assuwance as if it had come to him fwom the Conquewor; whereas I'd bet any man half a dozen hats that he stole, or invented it, since he awived in England. A fellow can't help spwinging from nothing, you know, but it is a doesn't piece of imperimance when he not only imitates his bettaws, but tries to pass himself off as one of them."

seemed to expostulate; then, apprently thinking better of it, she got up too, and shook hands with Mr. Moreombe; but Florence gave him such a chilling bow that the solut of it brought my two hands together in a raptimous squeeze, and then in a breath there was nothing left of the picture the skylight had framed but the base table. I turned to go below by the enddy port entrance, and found the person I had noticed stumping the deck at my clow and peering at me.

"Are you a couldy possenger?" said he.

"Mr. Join in gerton," Layswered.

"Mr. Join is Thornton," said he. May I ask what there of the person that the contained to peer at me as though the collection of the work of the working classes, who are thus beneated the collection of the working classes, who are thus beneated the person that the creature was such a clasterbox, nor such a consumate ass, as his conversation proved him and reject him him and reject him and reject him and reject him and reject him him and reject which are resonable anticipations only should be entertained. The when it is the regular value of the research of the research of the case of the research of the research of the research o

cribed (indeed, I funcied I confidetect the source of lawke's aristocratic pronunciation and hesitation) out in a manner so pseuliar that, were he in the text room, and you heard one of those aws, you would be able to put a perfect image of the man better you, merely from categing the concent, the imberdity the impudent suggestion of condescen-ion, and I know not what other things, that the

son, and I know not what other things, that the ound conveyed.

Having finished dressing, he said, patting on his sat, "If we haven't left Gwavesend, dem me if I ton't go ashore and have a look at the place. Had earreely time yesterday to do more than get a fit of neigestion. Since I have the bo-ah of twavelling, I hay as well see all I can, and as Gwavesend's alone where the common people go and cat havings in the summer, I ought to be able, when welturn, to tell my twiends that I've been ovew

weiturn, to tell my twends that I've been evew t."

I did not undeceive the man, and as he was leaving the cabin I asked him to be good enough to send the steward to me. This seemed to astonish him, or he said, "'I'wadinawy you should feel sca-sick. If you're ill now, by George, what'll you do when we get out upon the sea f" He then went away, and presently the steward arrived, a smart little man, in a round jacket and bow-legs, named Hay.
"When breakfirst is ready, let me have a cup of ca and something to cat here, will you f" said I.
"Yes, sir."
"Where are we now, steward f"

tea and something to eat here, with your "said I."

"Yes, sir."

"Where are we now, steward ?"

"In the warp, sir," he answered, naming the well-known stretch of river betwixt the Nore and the Gaze Deep.

"Is the captain on deck ?"

"He's just gone into his cabin," replied Hay.

"Please go at once and tell him that his friend,
Mr. Jack Egerton, will breakhast in his cabin, but that he hopes to be able to go on deck during the afternoon.

I knew that Daniel would understand my meaning, for you see, on recalling his short memory, I

Threw that Daniel would understand my meaning, for, you see, on recalling his short memory, I was afraid that he would forget to tell Florence I was aboard, unless I employed some means to remind him of his promise. However, I was speedily eased of that fear by the steward returning,

"The captain's compinents to yon, sir, and he certainly hopes you will be well enough to come on deck this afternoon, and perhaps before. He'll look in upon yon, sir, after breakfast."

Well, there I lay in my bank, sometimes langhing to myself until I was like to split, when I thought of Morecombe and the wonderful absurdity of our sharing the same cabin, and then falling as grave as a judge, and feeling a kind of tremble running through me, when I turned my mind to Florence, and wondered how she would receive the news of my being in the ship, and what sort of greeting she would give me when Daniel "introduced" us. I pulled out her locket, which, you may reckon, boys, I wore duy and night, and found a sort of strength in kissing it; for, after all, I considered she renst like me a dea I more than a little bit, to have sent me that keepsake; and she surely would not like me less for following her to the world's end, as I was literally doing. Anyhow, she should not use me worse than she had treated Morecombe, if there was any meaning in the manner I spied in her when I peered through the sky-light last night; and when I recalled the bit of behavior I had taken notice of, it surprised me that the man should be able to carry husself so casiy as he did in his imbeedie conof, it surprised me that the man should be earry hunself so easily as he did in his imbe-versation with me; for, knowing how her would affect me, I found it mighty hard t stand his indifference—for so it seemed—even when I had made the most liberal allowance for him as a conceited fool, who was cocksure in his own mind of winning the girl sooner or later, and was only astonished that such a killing, lovely, highly con-nected creature should not have been instantly

accepted.

The first breakfast bell was rung, and half an bld turnip has stopped, and hang me—aw—if I know whether I ought to get up or not."

hour later I could hear all the passengers at table, a regular hum of voices, broken by the clattering of plates, and now and again the loud, distinct tones iof Captain Jackson and Mrs. O'Brien. I

strained my ear to catch the only notes which would fall sweetly upon it, and sometimes funcied I could detect the rich, bell-like music of my darling's voice; but fancy it was, of course, and I wished it to be so, for it pleased me best to think of her as cold and silent, and averting her beautiful face from the eye-glass that, I might reckon, would be peering at her hard by, with a puppy's eye behind it.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES FROM THE MAROUIS TSENG'S EURO-PEAN DIARY.

PEAN DIARY.

From the Ninateanth Century.

The French and English are both fond of lauding their own national customs and of finding flaws in those of other countries. My French interpreter jeered at the English, and my English interpreter ridicaled the French. A Chinese going to Europe suffers from two difficulties to which he finds it very hard to accustom himself. One is the confined nature of the house accommodation, the other the high price of everything. In the West the cost of ground for building purposes is enormous, and the consequence is that people are obliged to live in houses eight or nine stories high. Not only this but so sparing are they of land in constructing their houses that there are generally one or two pits underground, which serve as kitchens and wine cellars. Their parks and gardens, however, are laid out on a most extensive scale, and care is taken to copy nature in all its wild simplicity. These resorts of amusement and pleasure vary in size from one to three miles in circumference. Here they show no disposition to stint themselves in the matter of land, and bestow much care upon the neat arrangement of such places, thereby embodying the maxima transmitted by Mencius, that "if the people are made to share in the means of enjoyment, they will cherish no feelings of discontent." Both France and England are at one in the above respect. The English excel in their use of ways and means for the acquisition of wealth; the French delight in extravagance and waste. With the former, the result of the general eagerness to get rich is that everytning, however inferior in quality, is high-priced, while with the latter extravagance has become a national habit, and prices kinow no bounds. Such is the difference between the two countries—a difference, however, when entails the same inconvenience upon the traveller in either case.

I accepted an invitation to go to President Grévy's one evening. The invitations were issued some days beforehand by the wife. At about 11 o'clock we retired to the ball-ro

the West men and women follow their own choice in making marriage alliances, and the original idea in instituting dancing parties was to facilitate the arrangement of such contracts.

All Western institutions have existed in the past in China. For example, in the West articles of household use are invariably carved and engraved with taste and neatness, the idea being derived from the inscriptions found upon voblets, cupe and like utensits of antique date in China. It may be said that steamers, steam engines, and such ingenious contrivances were unknown in past ages. By such an assertion, however, the fact is ignored that mechanical ingeniity depends upon material resources, and varies according to a nations prosperity or decay. When material resources full inclinations, and are according to a nations prosperity or decay. When material resources full inclines China had no lack of mechanical appliances, but as her national prosperity gradually declined, her people fell-into idle and thriftless habits, and mechanical arts gradually died out. As, by a glance at what Europe now is, we may see what China once was, so by noting what China now is, we may learn what Europe will one day become. The time will arrive when Western workcraft, now so active and superior, will grow incept, and deterioration is one of nature's laws.

On March 27, 1879, I called upon Beaconsfield. He is a man of marveilous attainments and great decision of character, and though over severity years of airc, shows no signs of physical decay. The English look upon him as the Great Wall of their country. I have been given to understand that during the struggle between Russia and Turkey, the Turks, conscious of their weakness, were prepared to sue for peace on any terms the Russians might wish to impose. Beaconsfield saw that it was against the interest of England to allow Russia to carry out her designs upon Turkey, and it was entirely owing to him that British troops were employed to assist Turkey and thwart Russia. The high Minsters and members of

From The London Standard. The Retail Fish Trade of the metropolis continues to be one of the mysteries of the age. Letters in our columns show that there is a marvellous difference in the price of fish in the Central Market at Farringcon road and as sold by the fishmongers at the West-end and elsewhere, and inquiries which we have directed on this subject prove that the difference is a real and substantial one. It is not merely that fish may be caught up now and then at a low price, or just at the fag end of the day, or at the finish of the week. We are speaking of the general scale of charges day by day, and at all hours of the day. No doubt, on a Saturday evening, fish at the

sisted that he ought to be able to have a cut from the middle of the fish for the lower prices, the salesman settled the matter by saying: "The only answer I can give you is to refer you to your local fishmonger." And he was quite right.

The question is one not limited in its incidence to the metropolis. Mr. Hauman, the superintendent of the Centrai Market, is receiving a flood of letters from the provinces, in which the writers complain of the enormous price charged for fish in their several localities, and inquire whether they can be supplied from London on the terms which they see mentioned in The Mondard. One which arrived a day or two ago from Cambridge was from a lady, who stated that her tradesman was charging her from 1s, 2d, to 1s, 3d, per pound for codish. All round the compass, even including the Isie of Man, similar complaints are made. The letters thus received are handed over to the salesmen in the market, and tang are left to communicate with the writers. There is, at least, one salesman who makes it a leading feature of his business to supply country orders of this kind, sending off parcels of fish by train, the receiver paying the carriage. This is a growing business, and anst ultimately have its influence on local prices. London is equally beginning to feel the effect of the Central Market. The attention drawn to the subject is telling upon the high-proced trade in the fashionable markets, as well as local prices. London is equally beginning to feel the effect of the Central Market. The attention drawn to the subject is telling upon the high-priced trade in the fashionable quarters, as well as upon the middle-class lish trade. A kind of "sensation" is being created which may be considered healthy, if lasting. It is quite pessible that the present agitation will be net by a reduction in the prevailing price of lish at the shops, but there must be a continual reference to the Central Market if there is to be a permanent abatement of the local charges. To what height prices would go but for the presence of this wholesome check it is difficult to say. What can be done in the way of putting up the price was shown a little time ago, when the best cuts from codush were selling at 5d, and 6d, per pound in the Central Market, the same quality being actually is betted at 1s, 6d, in a West-end thoroughtare. It the public will pay the price they will have to do so; but if purchasers are otherwise disposed they can escape such exactions.

## A FATHER'S LOVE

From The Albany Express.
I happened to be in Greentic d. Mass., one day

I happened to be in Greenfield, Mass., one day ast week, and I saw a train come in from the West, having attached to it a drawing-room cond-containing but here individuals. There was a dying woman and her maid; the third was a kindly, but sad-fined eld man. The car was switched on a side track, the blimts were inted, and the wan white face of the dying lady looked out from her coach upon the glorious valley to the East. The December sun was wonderfully spring-like. Miss mang upon the distant mountains, but the rich and fraitful valley was bathed in a soft and render light. Never was a gentler winter's lay and never did human face display greater terrestrial poy than did she who was bound y and the wear did human face though a way the prize. Is took har to his lair in the wilds of New-Mexico. After a year she stekened, and her cry was for her old New-England home. Then, when the end was not an her father came, and to him the dying woman uttered her y carmings—to breathe her last and the scenes of her childhoot. Talk about a husband's love! Pshaw! What is it to a father's or a mother's! The bushalad had said it was impossible; the father declared her one wish should be gratified. The doctor insisted there was but a week of life. The telegraph wires were put in motion; a drawing-room car and an engine were secured and a wide-cat frain came dashing madly to the East in order that a weak woman's desire might be gratified. Thousands of dollars were spent and the tenderest care exercised, but all was repaile by the loy of that white face at the car window.

To day she may be dead, for all I know. If it be so, she has died in peace, and a father's love has smoothed a daughter's pathway to the grave. How we are given to sentimentalizing in such matters! I tank of her as of the gentle Nell of Dickens—no sleep so beautiful and calin, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. "She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death."

Happy Thought!—Ambitious Wife of his Lordy Bosom: "I wish you'd go on a starring tour in America, my love, and take the choir with you. It would be such a success. There's no choir can touch ours, you know—and you're quite the handsomest of the English bishops!"—[Punch's Almanac.